

BROKEN TOYS 15

Broken Toys is a personalzine by Taral Wayne, and while I should be working on *New Toy 4* and *The Louche Knight*, it's been an uncomfortably long while since the last issue. As was the case last issue, I have a letter column that threatens to take over the fanzine. Nevertheless, locs are always welcome. As has been the case for the 22 years, I live in partial exile at 245 Dunn Ave., Apt. 2111, Toronto Ontario M6K 1S6. However, contact or loc me at Taral@Teksavvy.com. The date is April Fool's Day 2013, or will be, and this issue is ExtraTaraltorality (or Kiddelidivee Books & Art) 265, © 2013 Taral Wayne

Maybe 100 Really Was Too Many?

The other day, I put the finishing touches on the 100th article that I've written for *Drink Tank*. Most of you have probably read some of the previous 99, but not all of them. A few may indeed have read all 100. Distressingly, it's far more likely that an even larger number of you have read *none*. If you're one of those people, this time you might want to make an exception.

"100 Is Not Too Many!" was a difficult essay to write. I was loathe to start it, and had to exercise unaccustomed discipline to finish it. The editor of *Drink Tank* helped me by egging me on. More encouraging was the thumbs-up from my proofreader. Any idiot with no taste can publish a fanzine. I do. A cynic might even claim that idiocy helps. But my proofreader was a professional magazine editor, and can usually be trusted not to stamp his imprimatur on cow patties.

What was hard about writing "100 Is Not Too Many!" was that I had decided to go back over old ground. My first appearance in *Drink Tank* was a two-part interview in which another artist, Frank Wu, quizzed me about my art. I decided to finish the circle by talking about my art again – but this time much more intimately. Instead of public information such as awards I was up for, or comics I appeared in, I spoke about my early life, why I created Saara Mar and other characters that I've been attached to for over a lifetime and how I developed the worlds they inhabited. I spoke of things I have been coy about for more than 40 years.

The trouble arose in finding the proper tone. I didn't want to come across too sappy, nor too flippant. Nor would it do to descend into self-pity or soar into pretentiousness. It would have been easy, too, to let myself become bogged down in detail on subjects I only needed to touch lightly upon. There was also a terrible temptation for me to skim over subjects about which I had long ago lost any interest in writing about. Maintaining my balance was tricky, no doubt of it. But the most frightening possibility was that, in the end, I might discover that I had nothing to say that needed saying. (Cont.)

(Cont.) Well ... it's been said. It's on paper – or at least in .pdf format, and it's in the editor's hands.

If people want to read it, they will. If they come away feeling squeamish or thinking less of me, so be it. “*Alea jacta est*,” as Caesar said just before making what was possibly the biggest mistake of his career. I just hope that “100 Isn't Too Many” hasn't been mine. To be safe, perhaps I should avoid lingering near statues of Pompey ... it was at the foot of one that Caesar was assassinated.

I'm Not Dead Yet

It's a pretty old joke, but I'm finding new life in it.

In the joke, a painter whose work is worthless dies, and overnight the value of his most obscure canvases rockets to tens-of-thousands of dollars. It's not funny. It happens. The most glaring example was Vincent van Gogh, whose striking, post-Impressionist paintings have sold for tens-of-*millions* of dollar each. During his own lifetime, van Gogh was unable to sell a single one for *any* amount of money!

The cliché of the dead painter's work apparently amused someone enough, however, that it became the plot of the 1965 film, “The Art of Love.” Directed by Norman Jewison, it was partly written by Carl Reiner, and starred Dick Van Dyke, James Garner and Elke Summers.

Dick Van Dyke plays the artist, Paul Sloane, who is flat broke in Paris and has yet to sell a painting. His best buddy, Garner, talks him into faking his own death, on the assumption that it will drive up the demand for Sloane's work. Sure enough, customers begin to clamor for “original” Sloanes that he is whipping off as fast as he can in the seclusion of his garret. The artist and his buddy are cleaning up. Unfortunately, this is a *comedy* ... so well laid plans are never so well-laid that something can't go wrong. Sloane's girlfriend from the US arrives to complicate matters. Worse still, Sloane's buddy falls in love with her, and develops a vested interest in keeping the artist “dead.” Inevitably, the suspicion grows that the buddy has done away with the artist, and is charged with his murder ... and Sloane takes revenge by refusing to rise from the grave at the crucial moment in court. For a while, it seems as though more than the artist's paintings will be hanged...

I didn't bring up the topic of dead artists and the value of their art without reason.

Some time ago, I announced in various public forums that I had “retired.” That is, I was no longer seeking commissions. Gawd knows it wasn't that I couldn't use the money – I was living as hand-to-mouth as any starving artist in Paris. But I had slowed down in the execution so much that doing commission work was an agony. It also took so long that the rate of pay I earned was almost measurable in negative numbers. It was hardly worth my while to try to bring in extra money. Furthermore, I had a backlog of unfinished jobs that might occupy me for another two years. Taking on new work only made catching up impossible.

To be truthful, it wasn't a painful sacrifice. The decision was made easier by the fact that I wasn't

being *offered* many commissions. And half of those fell through when I informed the customer of my rates. Unlike a lot of online artists, I wasn't willing to prostitute myself for the price of a medium pizza and three toppings.

So it was that I "retired."

Guess what? Of late, I've been offered more commissions than ever, and most potential customers happily meet my rates.

Perhaps I had better check my pulse.



Lately, I've been experimenting with cookies. The reason for it is insomnia. I rarely had trouble sleeping when I was younger, but once I sailed past the final headland of my youth and was clearly lost at sea in my middle-age, trouble in falling asleep became an increasingly common nuisance. Sometimes it even grew to a chronic state in which I was unable to drop off for up to three days. During my last bout with the cold or flu, I may actually have been kept up for an entire four-day stretch. The odd thing is that I don't feel tired during these fits of sleeplessness. I don't feel tired ... but sitting too long is apt to lead to dropping off involuntarily. You'd think that would tend to solve my problem automatically. Not so! If I were to fall asleep in my chair, I'd end up on the floor ... with nothing but a cup of steaming coffee to break the fall. Instead, I'd begin to slump and wake up with a start. Which was exactly what was happening in bed! I'd begin to drift off, my thoughts would soar off into fantastic realms and a pleasant languor would overwhelm me; then bang – I'd breathe in heavily and my heart would begin to pound. An irresistible surge of energy would course through my limbs, tightening muscles and preparing me to hew trees or wrestle bears to the ground. Eventually, the fit would pass and on the second or third or even fourth night, I'd fall asleep in bed normally.

This is not to say that I found this agreeable; not at all.

So ***, a friend of mine, gave me a half-dozen cookies to try. They were meant for a different problem – stiff and painful thigh muscles that, in addition to my Myasthenia, make walking any distance farther than from my couch to the refrigerator or toilet a challenge to my manly determination. But *** also said he found cookies to be useful for combating his own bouts of insomnia.

I hadn't tried any cookie yet for walking, but when I went to bed Monday night and hadn't fallen asleep yet as 3 a.m. Tuesday morning came around, I decided it was time for cookie.

I had been warned to start only with a crumble. Obediently, I broke off a bit of cookie that was no

bigger around than a dime. It tasted a bit like any short-bread cookie, and oddly floral at the same time. As I was told to expect, nothing happened for about 45 minutes. In fact, I wasn't sure *anything* was happening, even when the hour hand came around again. Maybe, just maybe I was feeling a light touch of cookie high. Regardless, I put down Ken Follet's *The Pillars of the Earth* and turned off the light. Wouldn't you know ... I went right to sleep!

I can't wait to try a five-mile hike!

What all this reminds me of is an episode of *Barney Miller*. Do the readers remember Fish, the emaciated, worn-down-looking detective with the long face and bushy eyebrows. (He was portrayed by Abe Vigoda, who is impossible to visualize "young.") The reader ought to remember Fish, because his first name – rarely mentioned – was Philip, and if you read the daily roster on the wall next to "the cage" you can see that his full name was Philip **K.** Fish. I *cannot* believe that was a coincidence. In the episode I mentioned, one of the other detectives brought to the squad room a bag of brownies baked by his girlfriend. They partook freely; even Fish had one or two brownies. Well, of course, they were hash brownies. You could say they were better laced than a Victorian corset. When Fish comes in at the end of the day with a young cat-burglar he had chased over half the roofs of Manhattan, he discovers for the first time why he was feeling so energetic. His tough-cop demeanor fades and the familiar long face reappears. "Wouldn't you know," he says, "The first time in years I've felt this good, and it has to be *illegal!*"

Exactly.



It's not often that mainstream scientists get their shit together and investigate the more pressing mysteries of the universe, but we are delighted to report that, at last, the engineers at NASA have put aside their trivial interests in methane emissions, clay deposits and evidence for the past existence of surface water. Recent findings of the Curiosity Rover in Gale Crater have revealed the startling fact that Martian soil – far from being devoid of organic matter – has been found to contain everything essential to nurture life ... particularly plant life.

Although the official press release has been reserved about the implications, insisting on evasive terms such as "carbon-rich molecules" and "aromatic rings," it's clear that scientists have made the most sensational discovery of the century so far – that all the necessary conditions exist on Mars to grow *fantastic* pot!

Obviously, it is of the greatest importance to confirm this discovery. We at *High Crimes Magazine* urge the government get behind NASA to undertake an ambitious new program to explore the Red

Planet. A dozen or so sophisticated Rovers similar to Curiosity *must* be designed to transport and plant a variety of marijuana strains in Martian soil, then watch over their development, reporting back to Earth every stage of their growth, while guarding them from possible extraterrestrial microbes, internet billionaires with private space programs who might poach, unusually zealous narcs and other pests. A second round of Rovers will make soft landings to harvest the pot and return it to Earth for evaluation. We at *High Crimes* feel that the required expertise is near at hand ... and humbly offer our considerable experience in the final testing phase of the mission.

Of course, as well know, legalization on Earth is just around the corner, so it is not merely to evade prohibition that *High Crimes* encourages the cultivation of pot on Mars. Our primary interest lies in spreading the truth of weed to the farthest corners of the galaxy ... as well as in the possibility of new cultivars of marijuana with exotic new flavours and psycho-active effects.

We may never know if, in fact, life ever existed on Mars, but there is at least one thing of which we can be certain – that if animal life ever did walk, crawl, skitter or swoop across the surface of the Red Planet, it was able to enjoy all the benefits of righteous good weed!

Left Over Pieces

WAHF: Rebecca Jansen, rebejan@shaw.ca, 27 Feb 2013

E.T. Bryan, abpix.gremlin@verizon.net, 28 Feb 2013

Ron Kasman, ron.kasman@gmail.com, 3 Mar 2013, who said, “By the strangest coincidence I did an essay on falling in love with statues in ancient Rome when I was in university, about forty years ago. I completely forgot about it until I read your essay. I don't remember why I did my paper. It wasn't a topic that I was handed by a prof. It was a case of a suggested topic leading to other things and eventually ending up with sex in ancient Rome but I don't remember the details beyond that. What I do remember is that while that sexual variant existed in ancient Rome, and was rather common, according to my research, it didn't exist in 1972. Well, I guess it did, or does now, but it is rare, rarely talked about, and information on it is only slowly being uncovered by the press.”

Hope Liebowitz, tiki@interlog.com, 8 Mar 2013

We Would Also Like to Hear From: Mike Meara

Bruce Patterson, bpral22169@aol.com, 27 Feb 2013

It's March and the end of the flu season in Los Angeles approaches. I have been very lucky this year (knock wood) to escape an episode of this very debilitating flu, having diligently taken zinc and vitamins C and E, worn gloves and washed hands as frequently as possible for the last six weeks.

The early 60's are indeed a different country. I'm reading *The Trial of Callista Blake*, which was set in 1962, and it's an exercise of memory to put myself in a frame of mind in which the characters and their

motivations are not merely credible but commonplace. Our culture has fallen apart so fast I'm still whirling.

I know of one TV writer, at least, who can deliver that Shakespearean-monolog-at-the-drop-of-a-fedora writing for television, and several levels higher than anything ever found in the Dozier-Horwitz *Route 66*. I ran across a cache of clips from *The West Wing* on YouTube this past weekend and spent an hour reveling in the language and the sentiments and the situations and the characters. Aaron Sorkin when he is at his best is better than anyone -- better than anyone has ever been in television.

Ned Brooks, nedbrooks@sprynet.com, 27 Feb 2013

Thanks for the zine. Hope you are over the cold soon! I have not had anything like that in years, and I think the reason is that when I come home from being where I might have encountered such a virus, I rub my hands with alcohol-based sanitizer gel, and inhale the fumes. The current NEW YORKER has a long article about this product, which was originally promoted by Purell and is now sold under several brand names - the key is that the active ingredient is ethanol (grain alcohol), about 60%. Before a virus multiplies in your body, it usually spends some time on the mucous membrane of the nose and throat - thus the benefit of gargling and inhaling alcohol fumes. I hear there are now bars where people get drunk by inhaling fumes so that the alcohol reaches the bloodstream through the lungs - obviously they get a lot more fumes than I do by inhaling what is evaporating from my hands. But I am not a doctor, and don't even play one on Yahoo-groups....

Personally, if I was going to medicate myself with the fumes of alcohol, I'd prefer a nice port or sherry to hand sanitizer ... and would drink it immediately after sniffing. But that's me.

I vaguely remember the *Route 66* TV show, but I don't think I watched a lot of them. I would have been 22 in 1960, and working in the Hydro division at NASA/Langley - as you say, anyone could get a job then. I had a BS in Physics and knew nothing about hydrodynamics other than that it involved moving water. But I did not wear a hat (my father never went out without a hat, and thought I should get one to go with the suit and overcoat he bought me - I never wore the overcoat, and the suit very seldom). Nor did I smoke or engage in fisticuffs, even when I had something to drink.

As to credits, Edgar Buchanan (1903-1979) was an old man in 1960 and had had many movie credits before WWII - he was the iconic comical geezer. He had started rather late in the movies - he was 33 and I was just hatched.

I find your explication of Pygmalionism a bit confusing - I thought the whole point of that legend is that the dream girl comes to life (and they marry and have two children), not that the statue was a fetish object.

I suppose that's why I never favoured the name "Pygmalionism" for statue fetishes and the like. It's hard to come up with anything better, though - "Medusaphilia?"

By current standards, most white men of Woodrow Wilson's era were racist. But his case must have been rather extreme if he couldn't bear black servants in the White House - even my ancestors in southern Georgia were not that racist!

Wilson's racism may have been current coin in his day, but it looks all the worse when you consider that

Lincoln welcomed Frederick Douglass to the White House half a century before.

You are right that the very physical talents for making a fanzine with ditto or mimeo is a lost world – the very supplies needed to do it are very scarce and no longer made. Talent in fanzines now is for layout and typesetting and artwork. And just as well – just think what your artwork would look like if some fanned had to trace it onto stencil!

Unfortunately, I don't have to imagine how my drawings came out in mimeographed fanzines in The Long Ago ... I saw how they looked! It often wasn't pretty.

As to Brad Foster's suggestion that the Hugo rocket need not be perfectly erect – there are at least three problems ... The first are symbolic and historical – it is, after all, a phallic symbol; and all large rockets have launched that way (for technical reasons). And as an award to be displayed on a shelf, it has to be stable and not take up too much space.

Speaking phallically, though, a flaccid Hugo might be more appropriate for some of the books and fanzines we've seen win the award than a virile one.

Funny story about Steven and Glen ... If being gay requires an enhanced sense of fashion, I would never make it. I am fashion-blind – it never occurred to me that my belt might match my shoes!

Bruce Gillespie, gandc@pacific.net.au, 27 Feb 2012

Many thanks, Taral, for keeping me on your mailing list, despite perennial lack of response.

It would be insane to expect anyone to loc as often as every issue. Almost as insane as publishing as often as I seem to. Every third, or even fourth, issue is fine. Some readers don't loc at all, but are still in no danger of being removed from my mailing list. It's not like the Bad Old Days of Postage.

I'm deep in a Paying Job at the moment, and not doing anything much fannish. I did get a lot done between paying jobs, i.e. between November and early February, but not much has resulted in a real fanzine yet.

This is still not a proper loc, indeed not one at all. But I did notice your reference to *Route 66*, which is one of the very few TV series of which I saw anything when I was a kid. And that was only because it coincided with occasional visits to my aunt and uncle, who had a TV set, whereas we didn't. The other show I watched was *Ben Casey*, which was very popular in Australia, so much so that John D. Loudermilk's song 'Calling Doctor Casey' was, I was told many years later, a hit single only in Australia (in 1962) and never anywhere else.

I remember seeing some Ben Casey episodes on late-night TV a few years ago, and thought they were pretty intense. But doctor shows seem to have gone the same way as lawyer shows, spy shows and westerns.

Very few memories of *Route 66*, though, except that I enjoyed the rambling adventures a lot. I doubt if I have the money to buy the set on DVD, although I could easily order it.

Sympathies for a cold bad enough to keep you from sleeping for 48 hours. I tend to do the opposite, go

into a permanent sleep haze when I have a bad cold, and have trouble waking up for sufficient hours to accomplish anything. However, once or twice I've had postnasal drip with a cold, and that's made it really hard to sleep. Easier just to get up and sleep in an armchair.

Keith Soltys, keith@soltys.ca, 27 Feb 2013

Wow, you are on a roll right now. I just finished reading #12 and #13 and a new one plops into my inbox. I was actually writing a loc tonight on the way home, using my phone (with predictive text, I've discovered I can write fairly quickly on my phone, then save it in DropBox so I can pick it up on my PC for editing).

I started reading the lettercol for #13 and quickly realized that I'd missed reading #12, so I had to go back and catch up on that. So this loc will cover both issues, not necessarily in sequence.

I don't know any transgendered fans (or any transgendered people) so I can't comment on any individual experiences. I don't see any reason why there'd be any more LGBT people in SF fandom as opposed to mystery fandom or other niche social groups. Thirty years ago I think you could have made the case that SF fans might be more welcoming to people with differences than the general population; I don't think you could make that same case now. From what I've seen at the last few conventions I've attended (admittedly not a large number), SF fans are somewhat less diverse than the general population (taking the lunch-hour population of the food courts in First Canadian Place as a stand-in for general population).

I don't think that's the result of fandom not being open to everyone, so much as that people with certain cultural backgrounds are less likely to seek out fandom.

Electronic publishing is definitely the way to go and anyone who turns up their nose at a PDF or HTML fanzine is just being short-sighted. The trend in commercial book publishing, at least for fiction, is towards epublishing. And we're starting to see it happen in the magazine world – both PC Magazine and Newsweek are completely electronic now – and I expect to see many more magazines follow suit in the near future.

PDF is just fine for circulating fanzines. If you don't like reading on your computer, print the darn thing off. It probably won't be quite as nice as a zine that the author lovingly printed and collated and won't have that gorgeous 4-colour glossy card stock cover, but it'll be every bit as readable.

Much as I prefer paper fanzines, there are plenty of compensations in publishing in a digital format. I can use colour much more extensively – perfect registration with no effort or waste. I can insert photos easier than I once pasted them in for Xeroxing! I can run an automatic spellchecker, add page numbers, and have a hundred type fonts literally at my fingertips!

Eventually, I think you'll see printed zines becoming limited-edition fetish objects, published only by more affluent fans. That's almost the way it is now, I suppose. I know that I couldn't afford to publish *Torus* as a printed zine, if I were doing it now – nor would I want to – I always hated the drudgery of dealing with the mechanical side of publishing a zine, not to mention dealing with mailings (and paying for them!).

You are dead on about con reports. Incidentally, the vapidness isn't limited to the SF field; reports about

technical writing conferences tend to be just as boring and formulaic.

I'm not sure that you're right about the audience for poetry shrinking. If what I hear on the CBC is any indication, it's increasing, and dramatically, although it's poetry that's meant to be read out loud and sometimes transforms into performance art instead of a straight reading of lines on a page. I'm not sure what the equivalent in comics terms would be – maybe we'll start getting animated and interactive graphic novels done as apps designed to be read on a tablet rather than read on a printed page. The technology for that is available now and maybe people are already doing it, but I don't follow the scene closely enough to know about it.

It can be confusing speaking about the popularity of things like poetry, dancing or even skateboarding. They may be relatively less popular than formerly, even while millions still enjoy them.

Anyway, thanks for sending *Broken Toys*. Right now it's the only fanzine that I'm reading and I am enjoying it.

I aim to entertain, rather than enlighten or influence All Fandom! I'll leave that to others.

Ron Salomon, fanboy@rcn.com, 28 Feb 2013

Maybe I never noticed it and it's always been there, but why are you in partial exile? Which part or parts? Any naughty bits?

I loved *Route 66* when it first appeared on TV, I forget which network in the US, and when I got my slot car set, which made me Very Popular amongst the small group of friends I had back in school days, before any of us were old enough to actually learn to drive and faunch for real-sized wheels, well it had to be two Corvette Stingrays. Long gone, I think it was the era of the split rear windows. Are Marty Milner and George Maharis still alive?

Yes, indeed they are! The split-window only appeared on one model of Corvette, the first year Stingray, 1963. The Corvette that Todd Stiles and Buzz Murdock drove the length of Route 66 several times was at first a 1960 model – two headlamps and the new “Kamm” tail. Thereafter, Chevrolet provided the show with that year's model – not that there was much difference from year to year. But in the third season the brand new Stingray appeared without explanation. It was supposed to be the same car, after all, that Todd inherited from his father, and the difference between the C1 and C2 generations is impossible to overlook.

By the time I first got to college, 1966, American-brand cars dominated but did not monopolize what Boston-area 18-year-olds wanted to drive. I can well remember squeezing into Sunbeam and Renault and Simca autos, in addition to the inevitable VW Beetle.

Not to mention the odd Karmen Ghia, Lt. Colombo's Fiat, The Saint's Volvo, 007's Aston Martin...

I never got into Fraggles watching. I liked the dinosaurs that mimicked *The Honeymooners* – that was Henson too, wasn't it? Although the humans had no baby, there was a smart-alecky dino, if I remember correctly that was the best character, on that show.

That show was just called “Dinosaurs” and ran two or three seasons, I think. The dinos were actors in rubber costumes that used Henson technology, but Henson himself had nothing to do with it.

I either didn't know or forgot your liking of coins. At Boskone there was a fella namebadged Publius with no discernible accent to place him geographically, who spoke at length on coins in an interesting manner. I have a couple of photos of him but don't know how to contact him to alert him of the fact. I also never heard of *Captain Star*, which I do remember reading about from something you had mentioned earlier. In fact I never heard of the network you taped the show off of—Canadian, I would suppose, but does the network still exist and is the Captain also Canadian? One of these days I will connect YouTube to one of our TVs to see some shows on a bigger screen.

I've been seriously collecting coins since, oh, the early-or-mid-1980s, when I acquired my first Roman bronze. It was rather worn but only cost \$7 – it took years before I was experienced enough in recognition to identify the thing as an AE 3 minted under Claudius II Gothicus, in the late 3rd. century AD.

*Captain Star was a British production, but showed on Canadian television as well. Now that I think of it, it wasn't on the CBC schedule – the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation is a government owned/privately operated national network, and at one time was a vital cultural link for Canadians living on isolated rocks and in impenetrable brush across the country. It is less so today, but still cherished by many. But **Captain Star** would have shown on Teletoon or YTV, Canadian cable networks. Teletoon is the more likely, as YTV had a broader mandate to air live-action as well as animation.*

Continuing on the theme of all knowledge is contained in fandom, “Pygmalionism” is also news to me. My only far-fetched comment would be inanely noting I can be clearly seen in a couple of scenes at the beginning of the recent Hallmark TV movie *The Makeover*, which is a retelling of the Pygmalion story with a contemporary Boston political twist. I of course was brilliant as “Middle-Aged Well-Dressed Businessman Amongst a Crowd of Extras,” and strangely enough casting directors have Not been pounding the front door to my house to get to me to further my nascent career.

On the flipside, old has-been Dad knew about and had to explain to my hip, with-it 25 year old son that there is a fandom of Brony lovers.

When I see the phrase “plaster cast” I only think of rock groupies of the '60s and '70s and wonder how many of those relics still exist and where are they now?

Having started producing personalzines and apazines back in the day, going from purple ink [loved the fumes] through twiltone to bringing my own paper into work and getting the OK to use the office photocopier after hours to pub my ish, I still prefer seeing zines come in[to] the mail[box] but know I couldn't afford to go that route nowadays. Thinking about, and shudder if you must, having recently gone to my first weekend/sleepover con in a decade or more at the recent Boskone, wanting to write something and having the computer at hand, I wonder about the advisability of attempting something to be distied via the internet. Send bribes to stop me in plain brown envelopes please.

In regards to Eric Mayer's comments, I think that by channeling things through Bill Burns there is both quite a resource in finding new fannish writing and also a kind of intimidation at the number of fanzines available via efanazines, so that I think what you do, Taral, in sending out an email notice of pubbing, is a huge additional admonition that gets my attention and makes me want to jump to the issue to read and comment on it, something that Bill's notices don't do due to the frequency of issues going online and the seeming, to me, impersonal way of notice given. I feel sad for Eric, and Dave Locke, and others who quit their electronic pubbing efforts due to lack of response, and I feel sad for myself for either ignoring or not even knowing about these ezines. BTW, I don't think I ever met Robert Runte but I think my son Aaron used to eat his candies.

*Robert Runte makes candy? The Robert Runte in these pages is a Canadian fan from Out West, of a somewhat sercon persuasion. Used to be involved with zines like **The Monthly Monthly** and **Neology**. Eric seems to have exhausted his publishing demon for the time being, but you never know ... he may be back. We'll not be hearing from Dave Locke again, unfortunately, as he died suddenly, late last year.*

*It's my belief that its not enough to passively post a fanzine to **eFanzines** or **Fanac.Org** and expect anyone to notice. Not everyone choses to get Bill's notices from eFanzines, for instance. I didn't notice it. But I'm methodical at least, and check his site daily for new posts. I also find it useful to post my zines to **DeviantArt** (where they are totally ignored) and to **FurAffinity** (where they arouse the interest of a few people, at least). I also announce new issues on **FaceBook**, a practice I notice others are imitating now. Other things I do to encourage participation in **Broken Toys** is to answer locs right away with a letter of my own.*

I agree with Brad Foster that there are too many similar fanzine/fan group pages on FaceBook and I am sure as a result of such overlap I am missing choice postings and comments but it's the nature of FaceBook so I have no solution, other than what Brad suggests.

Is it a proud and lonely thing to be an Old School fan?

I like your "We'd like to hear from" feature.

Patent pending. I created it in hope of shaming the named fan into writing. It seems to have worked at least once or twice, so far!

And this is all I wrote. Good night and hope you're well by now. Is there a buy-Canadian [brand] version that competes with Kleenex?

ooo

Physical illnesses of all sorts seem to be rampant in fandom these days, and I am not totally immune myself. My late mother-in-law had Myasthenia Gravis and I've heard enough about it from spouse Lori – who thinks it's genetic and that she might come down with it herself some day – to know it's a serious medical problem. and I hope your aches and pains can go into remission or lessen themselves somehow.

From what I've read, the condition doesn't seem to be passed on from one generation to the next. And there is fairly effective medication for it, so it's not the affliction it once was. One can always hope that even more effective treatments, or even a cure, will come about through research.

The great thing about Boskone was that if you had wanted to, you could easily survive the weekend without spending any money on food at all, as long as you weren't into health foods. Between the milk and eggs, the cold cuts and cheeses, the many breads, the cookies and cakes, the chips of all sorts, the coffees and many teas, sodas and juices, I put on 4 pounds in 4 days. I do miss hanging out with other fans, which is still possible if I ever felt like driving 10 miles or more at night, which with my aging eyesight I try to avoid. There are still bi-weekly gettogethers at Don D'Amassa's in Providence, RI, and there is still a monthly meet in Arlington, MA at one of two fan's houses. And of course there are weekly NESFA clubhouse meetings, which I have yet to get to, in Somerville, MA (followed by, yes, wait for it, going out to eat at restaurants with fans, so they say), and there is a monthly Saturday game-playing NESFA event. But, being Old and Tired, and having a car that is likewise, I try not to drive much anymore, so miss out and am in self-imposed suburban fannish isolation. I would Like to do Portland for Corflu and San Antonio for LoneStarCon 3 but need more temp work and lower air fares for that to happen. Something about wishes and horses. I was smart enough to buy a lifetime

membership in Boskone 3, years ago for \$50, which is what it now costs to attend one. The other events mentioned, well I can still mooch or contribute some chips and sodas for a buck apiece. I wish fans would want to congregate at my house, but without public transportation it won't happen. Heck, I'd buy the chips and soda myself for that.

I do remember with fondness some times spent with you at cons we attended in the '70s and '80s and hope at least to continue communicating with ya over this internet thing.

Eric Mayer, groggy.tales@gmail.com, 28 Feb 2013

I enjoyed *Broken Toys 14*. Hope you're feeling better. (Well, that makes it sound like I enjoyed reading that you were sick, doesn't it? Sheesh.) Those noses that drip like they need a washer replaced are no fun. As I get older I find my nose and my eyes water more frequently and copiously. The slightest touch of cold or wind makes me cry. Luckily, I haven't sprung any leaks lower down.

Not yet. Give it time. When there's snow on the roof, there's a drip on the end of the icicle too.

Amazingly, I never saw *Route 66*. Or maybe not amazingly, since in 1960 I was ten. Yes, those times are now, as you say, a foreign country. You're right, I think, in that hats weren't generally worn then, or even in the Fifties so far as I recall the latter part of the Fifties. My grandfather always wore his old gray hat everywhere but my father never did, and I don't recall any of my parents' friends wearing hats. Instead of hats men wore military-style buzz cuts or Brylcreem. I don't know if you'd want to borrow Cookie's comb. It would've been pretty greasy.

And crew cuts. My grandfather had one of those flat-top cuts and, since he was a barber, took cruel delight in inflicting one on his grandson, thinking an 8-year-old kid would love looking just like his fat-bellied, wattled and grog-blossomed Grampa. Which gives me an idea for an article for next issue...

Pygmalionism is a new one to me. Maybe I should get out more. On the other hand, if Pygmalionism is representative of what's out there, maybe I should stay in more. I'm not sure exactly what fantasies one could have about statues or plaster mannequins. They don't seem very functional. And what would a convention be like? People show up, strike poses in the lobby and just stand like that all weekend? But, hey, maybe that could have been your niche if you were unscrupulous. It's rare to find an unoccupied niche. And what an appropriate place for a statue. The name would need to be changed to Taralism, I take it.

I think the main attraction of statues, manikins and robots is that they don't try to get away, and you don't have to take them to dinner and a movie, first.

Stephen's got some great stories and you tell them well. Presumably he's not interested in fanzines. If he ever decided to do his own fanzine he'd be out of luck because you'd have stolen all his stories already! As for that conversation between Glen (*Glen or Glenda* wasn't it?) and Stephen, maybe the question shouldn't have been whether Stephen was ever curious about how it would be to have sex with another man but how it would be to have sex with a giant rabbit. And does it matter whether the giant rabbit is hetero, gay or bi?

If you mean that "thing" in the background of Steven's photo, I was a witness. Hell, I was holding the camera. That giant bunny or teddy bear was really there! Some sort of inflatable, I gather.

Fraggles are weird. What the heck kind of a song mentions furry knees? But looking at those two on your last page caught in *fraggile delicto* I see that only one of the couple appears to have hairy knees. Is it the modern fashion for lady fraggles to shave their knees?

A not very successful song. Gobo was trying to write one for a special occasion, but his inspiration was below par that day, and all he came with as a rhyme for his first line was "hairy knees." Of course, it all worked out in the end, when distractions took his mind off the problem and released the Fraggles genius for music.

Re: my loc in #14....I'd best just shut up. I see David Williams mentioned my little foray into hecto in the second part of his series in *Fanstuff*. Oh well. Mea culpa. I know it's petty but I want my tiny footnote.

Steve Jeffrey, srjeffery@aol.com, 3 Mar 2013

Thank you for the advance peek at *Broken Toys* 14, in return for which I offer you an advance peek of a loc.

I'm sorry to hear about the cold, although cold seems a bit understated for the aggravating symptoms you describe. As well as the problem of constantly needing and discarding bits of tissue, I found constantly blowing my nose every minute made me look like a problem drinker or an understudy for Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer, with a sore and tender red hooter that then became very prone to spots. Hope you avoid that.

I've had a bunged-up schnozz for what seems (and soon will be) a year now, and in which at several periods I completely lost my sense of smell. I've never had a great sense of smell, which I put down to working with some fairly noxious chemicals when I started work and too many years as a smoker. But when I goes completely, you realise how much of your enjoyment and the taste of food is wrapped up in the sense of smell. Everything seems like eating different textures of cardboard, and you may as well be eating the packaging. The doctor diagnosed rhinitis and prescribed drops, which worked for a while, but I discovered Beconase nasal spray was a decent over the counter (and non-steroid) alternative.

I've never heard of *Captain Star* but it sounds fascinating and weird, something like Chris Wooding's *Tales of the Kitty Jay* books or *Firefly* crossed with *Futurama* by way of *Waiting for Godot* and a side serving of *Galaxyquest*. That's some combination. I defy anyone not to be intrigued by this. I certainly am. In fact I'm googling it as I write this.

Now how did we miss that? Wiki tells me that it was screened in the UK 1997-8 based on a comic, *Rockets Passing Overhead*, created by cartoonist Steven Appleby and Frank Cotrell-Boyce (writer of the bonkers UK 2012 Summer Olympics opening ceremony, and author of the official sequel to Ian Fleming's children's book *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*) and voiced over here by actor Richard E. Grant as Star and Ade Edmonson (of *The Young Ones*) as stoker Jones.

There is, or was, apparently an omnibus comic available, though it looks like the only videos available are YouTube downloads.

I've also discovered one of the hazards of responding to electronic zines - the temptation to leap ahead and sideways into Google to look things up, and thus risk getting distracted, before reaching the end of the article or zine you're reading and loccing. I now have about seven different Firefox tabs open..

Oh, I didn't know you were on *DeviantArt*, but I ought to have guessed. I'll have to take a look. (I liked your cover collection on efanazines by the way)

Here – <http://taralwayne.deviantart.com/>

Is the Pygmalionism/statuephilia thing related to the body painting thing where people are painted so they become almost invisible as they blend into the background of whatever they're standing in front of? I've seen several examples of this, but my first experience of this was in the pages of *Playboy* when I was about 11 or 12, with a centre spread of the exotically named model Verushka, wearing nothing but tree bark and foliage body paint so she blended into the tree she was posed in front of. Strange how certain things stay with you. I also wonder how many *Playboy* 'readers' felt cheated that the body art made it more difficult to ogle her lady parts.

I was one of those nerdy kids who actually did read the SF stories (by writers like Harlan Ellison as I recall) and the cartoons in *Playboy*, rather than covering the pages in sticky emissions. I don't think I was particularly hormonally challenged, but because my mother was a theatrical costumier for stage and TV, the idea of ladies wandering about with little on was something that was taken for granted as part of the work environment. Watching the cavorting of Pan's People on *Top of the Pops* or *The Tom Jones Show* in the '70s was given added interest by the fact that some of those costumes had been spread over every available surface of the living room the week before, and only slightly leavened by the knowledge that a lot what looked like bare flesh on screen was artfully disguised body stockings. (If nudity itself wasn't a big taboo, walking barefoot on the carpets tended to be frowned on, due the hazards of stray pins and the sharp edges of countless broken sequins.)

Re. Richard Chandler's loc, I don't think any of the post-op transgendered people I've known have been any more miserable than anybody else, especially in fandom. Richard's experience may well be different, but it's a sweeping generalisation to make.

The closing Steven/Glen story in *Coming Out [last issue]* was a hoot.

Lloyd Penney, penneys@bell.net, 3 Mar 2013

You're putting out the zines pretty quickly Garcia-style, and it can be tough to keep up. Once again, I have two issues of *Broken Toys*, 13 and 14, and following are comments on both.

13... The Hugos are definitely tarnished. I got my original respect for the rockets from old SF anthologies, especially any by Horace J. Gold, who detailed Worldcon and the Hugo winners between the featured short stories. The year I was nominated for Best Fan Writer, 2010, was a thrill, but I have lost at least some respect for them, and I also realize my time for them is probably past.

A reference book, like anything Harry Warner, Jr. created, does have a selection of great photos, with background description and backstory. We could take the time to inform and entertain the potential readers back then ... today, no matter how useful social media is these days, it puts speed over accuracy, and the peer pressure of other users demands speed. Content is also a concern ... there's lots of pictures, but they are mostly cats, dogs and funny, pithy sayings. We have lost our own timeline in an effort to competitively upload shallow content.

I am slowly but surely preparing our trip report from our GoHship at Loscon 39 this past November. I

full expect it will look much the same as you predict in your article, but now that I've read it, I will try to do a little better, or include something a little different. I've promised it to Chris Garcia for one upcoming *Drink Tank*.

The local...the definitions of "man" and "woman" placed upon us by society are unfair and frankly outdated. Some over-muscled gorilla suffering from testosterone poisoning does not represent the average contemporary male. We are slow to accept ourselves as the persons we are, whether we are female Marines, or male ballet dancers, or anything else we might want to be.

We have a number of friends who have gone through gender reassignment to one degree or another. It may seem pretty drastic to a lot of us, but as Chris says, it may be what you need to do to feel right about yourself. One friend went through this...he was a husky, muscular guy who'd come to local conventions from Ottawa and be the burly barbarian for the curvy fantasy princess wearing nearly nothing, and pose with her for photographers. He's the last person I'd ever think might want to shift his gender, but he disappeared for a few years, and then returned...Marc has become Marie. Once at Ad Astra that year, she looked for Yvonne (she must have recognized a sympathetic soul, perhaps), and asked for help in getting reconnected with fandom. She decided that the best way to do that was to get working again in helping with the con, so Yvonne took her to the gopher hole. The gopher chief asked for basic information, and then asked if there had been any major changes in their lives lately...well, it took both Yvonne and Marie a while to stop laughing, and Yvonne didn't tell the gopher chief about the "major change" until after the convention.

We do agree...for me, a fanzine is a fanzine, whether printed on paper or appearing on screen from a .pdf. It's the contents that truly matter. Maybe that's why I really didn't care about mimeo vs. xero, or wiltone vs. bond. I can carry zines wherever I go, be it printed zines in my black satchel, .pdfed zines on a USB drive on a keychain.

I can hope that Eric Mayer is just taking a break from zines. I've enjoyed his zines in the past, but perhaps we are all just catching our creative breath. I have found it easier to keep up with zines, for there haven't been as many lately as in previous years. At least, that's the way it seems to me.

Are fetish objects items that attract your attention, and then sit on a shelf for years gathering dust? Then my place is full of them. If we ever had to shrink down from our current 2-bedroom apartment to a 1-bedroom, we'd need a storage locker. Maybe we need one now... A dealer's room at a convention can be a dangerous place, but when we explore them, we ask ourselves some questions when we find something that attracts our interest...do we really need it? Can we afford it? If we buy it, where are we going to put it? Usually, the items stays on the dealer's table.

More reminiscences about fandom and parties in the past...Toronto fandom has always been Balkanized, but now that we are retired from conrunning, it's gone fairly quiet for us. We're not gafiated, but for some, we might as well be. Our interests do not include current media SF, gaming, comics or anime, so we are gone to some.

My loc...the doctor says the high blood pressure is coming down with better eating and continuing to take my medication. I now have stronger medication, and that might also mean more weight loss. I can only hope. Some clothes are fitting properly now, and others are almost baggy.

The way you and Arnie Katz send out your zine is the best. You send it directly to your readership, and demand response. Listing your zine on eFanzines.com is great, but it is passive distribution.

14...I've always had sleep problems, and right now, I am at the point where not even extra-strength

melatonin is likely to help. I never really get exhausted, but I do get tired enough to fall asleep at night anyway.

The nostalgia industry continues to boom because it seems people would prefer to look fondly back at more familiar times rather than look forward to a rather bleak and unimaginative future. At least we had the space race that got us looking forward, but that is as good as gone. That probably best explains our interest in steampunk. I know some folks would gladly move into Hobbiton full-time, so making friends with Fraggles and confiding in Marjorie the Trash-Heap isn't that far off. We need friends, mentors and confidantes in this harsh present...all want to speak, but few are willing to listen.

There isn't the interaction between West and East there used to be. We had newszines telling you if Halifax wanted to know what was going on in Edmonton. Now we have clubzines and no one relaying the news, which I think these days would be pretty dull, if it even existed. Those days are gone because the community is largely lost through age.

If it were possible to have been active throughout all the generations of fandom, we'd see that it has radically changed since the 30s, and if it does continue (I have my doubts), it will continue to change radically. We rebel against the changes, as we can't change so radically ourselves. We have aged out of the Hugo (some might also say the fandom) demographic, and the younger generations have taken over...just as we did when we were neos.

I like that photo of Steven, especially with the giant smiling teddy bear menacing over the trees, ready to bring mayhem and destruction down on the fair in front of it. We are all homo and hetero to one degree or another, and some comment will probably go back to gender reassignment comments, and the definitions of man and woman. No matter who you are (inside and outside), to yourself be true.

Must have been a good zine if it got nearly three pages of comments out of me. I wonder what I can do with the next issue or two...looking forward to them.

Terry Whittier, terrywhittier@yahoo.com, 9 Mar 2013

I recognize that rocket/moon bank in your title. Took me a little while to figure out what it was. Good thing I'm already quite familiar with it. With the rise of availability of nostalgic items, now that there is Ebay, I toyed with the idea of getting one to replace the one I had when I was a kid. These cast iron, space-themed, coin-shooting banks were a fad when I was the age to appreciate them, and had one each of the two now iconic models. They sat around for about a year (almost an eternity in kid years) and then went into a box in the closet. They didn't really get much use and didn't foster the hoped-for obsession with saving money. But they satisfied the need for a relative to give a gift and tickled the mind of the recipient, satisfying that itch to fantasize about exciting and wondrous future possibilities.

Con reports are really just a way for the writer to re-live the experience. And maybe to let friends and family know that the writer had a pleasant holiday. Like a postcard. (How come there aren't convention-themed postcards available at cons? ("Got kissed by a space-girl today. Wish you were here.")

Just between us, I think the difference between an inspired con report and a mere blow-by-blow report is the difference between the writers. I like that idea about the con post-cards -- I'm going to forward that to someone who may be able to use it!

A Has-Been, Once More

A couple of days ago, I was informed that I hadn't been nominated for the Hugo Award for best fanartist this year. More precisely, I *wasn't* informed of it. I merely heard the announcement of the final ballot, just as anyone else would ... which, of course, meant I wasn't one of the nominees.

It was a bit of a shock. My two peers in fanzine fandom, Steve Stiles and Brad Foster, both made the ballot again this year, but, for some reason, not me. Instead, the ballot includes a jeweler (who makes gaudy, Art Nouveau-ish pins that fantasy fans seem to drool over), and a name I had never heard before. Since I at least give a passing glance to just about every fanzine (posted online *or* mailed to me), it was unusual to have no clue who the artist was. A Google search dug up what I wanted to know – she was a painter whose work was well represented in small press publications and semi-professional magazines. No mention in *any* of her web pages about fanzines ... or any indication that she thought of any of her work as “amateur.” What is she doing in the *fanartist* category, I wondered?

Yes, pros can be fans too. There are many well-known instances of Big Name Pros who also wrote or drew for fanzines. Because there was little doubt about what a fanzine was – and what a prozine was – there was no ambiguity about a pro doing fanac.

In the last few years, though, boundaries have broken down, and fandom is losing its grasp of what distinguishes fans from pros. Worse, I don't believe it cares. Fandom is too big for any one fan to know much about the whole, so giving awards to other fans has become meaningless – a pat on the back that a small coterie of insiders give to each other. (And I am one of them.) Most fans would rather give the Hugo to someone meaningful to them, but increasingly that means fans who are blending into the professional landscape.

Twice before, I've dropped off the Hugo ballot, and twice been surprised when my name returned. This year is the third time. Will it be final ... or will I beat the odds again in 2014, 2015 ... or 2023? Time will tell.

Meanwhile, I can't say I wasn't expecting this. I have kept up a steady stream of fanzine appearances, but my presence has been far from overwhelming. Moreover, I've been acutely aware of how fandom has been changing over the last decade or so. It was obvious that time was running out for Old School fanartists like myself. Of the three Big Names still around, I was likely to be the first to lose top billing.

Nor can I really complain about being treated shabbily. I have eleven little silver rocket pins, representing past nominations, as well as a lacquered pin and a silver badge from other award nominations. When I think back on the number of talented artists, writers and fanzine editors in the past who have received **no** such recognition, it seems unfair that I should have been so blessed.

There's an up-side to this year's ballot. It is likely that whatever votes might have been frittered away on me (I've always trailed last) will benefit either Steve Stiles or Brad Foster. I would be overjoyed if Steve finally got his first Hugo ... like me, he has been nominated many times over the years, but never, *not once*, has he been called up to the stage to take a hard-earned rocket. With "my" votes, perhaps Steve will finally go over the top. If 2013 isn't my year, make it *Steve's!*

Hugo Ballot 2013

Best Fanzine

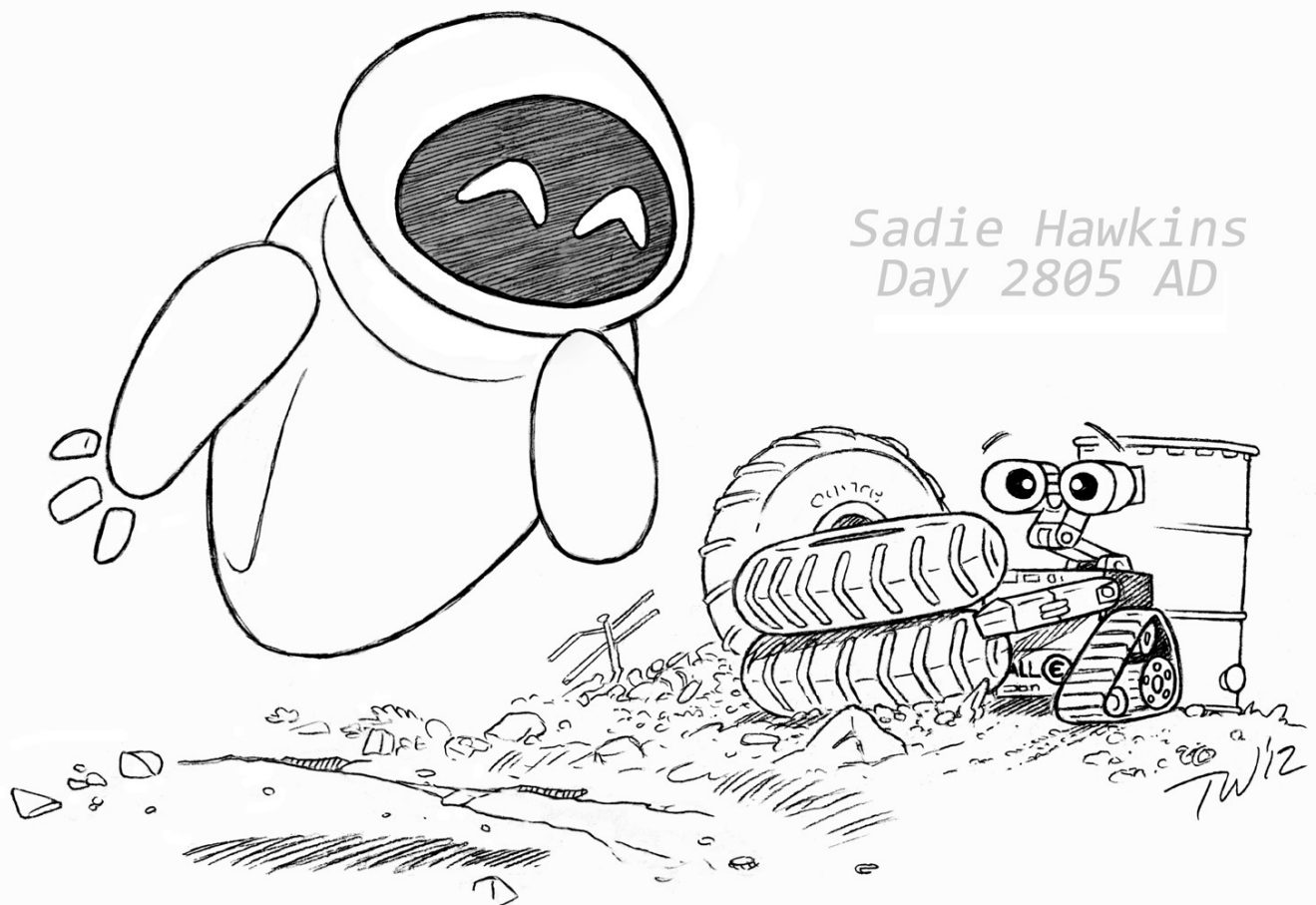
Banana Wings
The Drink Tank
Elitist Book Reviews
Journey Planet
SF Signal

Best Fan Writer

James Bacon
Chris Garcia
Mark Oshiro
Tansy Rayner Roberts
Steven H Silver

Best Fan Artist

Galen Dara
Brad W. Foster
Spring Schoenhuth
Maurine Starkey
Steve Stiles



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